GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Cases in Which the Nerves Give Way, Even With the Bravest Men.

You often hear it said of a man that he deen't seem to know what fear is. He may not, so far as standing up before other men, or cing ordinary dangers, but there are two dangers which no living man can face and hold his nerve very long. I assert this, because it as been my fortune to meet some of the most courageous men of this generation, and I have and opportunities to see their nerve under fire. There is probably no place in the world there the man-eating shark grows to larger proportions and flercer disposition than in the fulf of Bengal. And in the bays and harbors slong the coast the crocodile attains his full ize and his temper fully ripens. While I was in the employ of the English mail service in India one of the ideas worked out was speedier ansportation. New routes were selected to save distance, and wherever it was possible the rivers were made use of. On one occasion I was descending the Little Rangoon River with three natives and the mail bags, when we were halled from shore by an English hunter who had been camping out among the fleree wild animals poisonous serpents for seventy He was entirely alone, and he had killed five leopards, three tigers, six or eight large five leopards, three tigers, six or eight large serpents, and much other game. He had several fresh scars to prove a hand-to-hand conflict with a wounded tiger, and the bare fact of his being alone in that country, exposed to almost every danger one could droam of, was proof that he was a brave man. He had a raft at the bank and was about to cross the stream. After a visit of a quarter of an hour we took him in tow and dropped down about a mile. We had just headed for the other bank when I saw a large crocodile rise to the surface just behind the hunter's raft. The man had not entered the boat with us, but was sitting on his traps on the raft. I called to him to shoot the eptile, and he arose and made as pretty a shot

traps on the rail. I called to him to shoot the reptile, and he arose and made as pretty a shot as one ever saw, striking the saurian in the eye and killing him at once. We were applauding the shot when a dozen of the monsters broke water all about the rait. We had a tow-rope about forty feet long, and were its full length shead of the rait. None of the reptiles paid the least attention to the boat, but all seemed determined to make a closer acquaint-ance with the rait.

The hunter had a repeating rific, and he stood on his feet and banged away right and left as coolly as you please. I ordered the men to cease rowing and got out my own rific, but before I had fired a shot a monster crocodile climbed upon the side of the light bamboo rait and upset it. We backed water rapidly, and it was not over thirty seconds before boat and rait had bumped. At that same instant the hunter rose beside the boat, and one of the patives pulled him in. While he lay on the bottom of the boat we rowed about and picked up such of his traps as were afloat. It was very little we saved, as his firearms had gone to the bottom and his skins and pelts had been swiftly devoured by the crocodiles. When I came to offer the man some spirits his looks had changed, so that I could scarcely believe he was the same man. No one standing on the gallows trap could have been more broken up. He had scarcely swallowed the whiskey when he began to cry, and he insisted that we cover him up in the bottom of the boat. It was a whole fortnight before the man recovered his composure, while his nerve was gone forever? He who had stood with drawn knife awaiting the rush of a tiger, and who carried marks to prove his bravery and his sictory, had been totally broken up by an experience of less than two minutes in the water with a dozen crocodiles. It was the feeling that he was helpless, which took his courage away. In the case of the tiger he fet that he had some ittie show. When he was flung into the water he realized that he had none. I have seen serveral men

Daylight was just coming when I opened my eyes. I was on my left side, turned toward the Salos and I noticed that he was on his back. Capped and I noticed that he was on his back. Capped out of its holster the night before that I might have it handy in case of need. Not another soul in the came was yet aroused, so far as I knew, and I lay listening to the noises in the surrounding forest while daylight continued to grow stronger. I was about to arise, when I suddenly saw the head of a seprent lift itself above the Major's breast and wave to and fro. I shut my eyes for a few seconds and then opened them to see the same sight again. I even tried it again and again, fearful then opened them to see the same sight again. I even tried it again and again, fearful believe was at the head of as a venemous serpent, a species closely resembling the American blacksnake, and as deadly as any serpent in India. It waved its head and darted its toague for a moment, and then settled back into its coil. As soon as the head went down I felt for my revolver and drew back the hammer. The click iclick! alarmed the snake, as knew it would, but by the time he had elevated his head again I had my arm outstretched and the muzzle of the revolver within two feet on the instant, and it was not a venemous alternative and the muzzle of the revolver within two feet on the instant, and it was not a venemous up, and was dead as I bent over the Major.

The snake had crept out of the bushes and upon the Major's breast early in the night. It was not more than midnight when the litter awoke and found the serpent coiled up, and he was writhing and dopping about as I sprang up, and was dead as I bent over the Major.

The snake had crept out of the bushes and upon the Major's breast early in the night. It was not more than midnight when the litter awoke and found the serpent coiled up, and he was writhing and topping a dead of the broad of his back, now my stant and the major and the series of the serve was a serve of the serve was a serve of the serv

weapon, and realized that he had the advantage. The second man lost his nerve when taken at a disadvantage. The third was a coward as soon as disarmed.

I was present several years ago at an execution in Havans. A Cuban patriot—they called 'em guerrillas—had been captured in the mountains after a long hunt. He had killed with his own hand over thirty men. He had fired dozens of plantation buildings, helped torture many planters, and he killed negroes so often that he did not cut a noteh for their death. He had the characteristics of a tiger. He would kill where other men would spare. He had had many hand-to-hand fights with the regular troops, and no ten of them would have dared attempt his capture. On one occasion he put a squad of thirteen Spanish soldiers to flight, and on another he captured a squad of five who had been left to guard a path and cut the throat of every man. I visited him in jall in company with the British Consul, Although he was loaded down with chains and kept behind bars which an elephant could not have wrenched away, everybody was afraid of him. He was rockless and defiant to the last, and delighted to call out the names of his victims and relate how he had disposed of each one.

I got permission to be present when the guerrilla was shot. He was taken from the prison in the gray of the morning by a large body of soldiery and conducted to the military target shoot, over a mile away. He was roaring defiance when he came into the open air, and he had no sooner been placed in front of his coffin than he broke down and begged and pleaded in a way to touch the heart. He offered to betray his comrades, do anything on earth, to preserve his life, and he was grovelling in the dirt when the bullets of the firing squad put an end to his life.

Do Culture and Civilisation Suppress the

A noted gynecologist in private converse A noted gynecologist in private conversa-tion once made the sweeping statement that cultivated women were absolutely devoid of natural human instincts, and must, in conse-quence, take an intellectual view of the situa-tion, allowing reason to supply, as far as pos-sible, the place of what ought to exist and yet does not. The speaker added that he believed instincts had been educated all out of Ameri-can women.

then, allowing reason to supply, as far as possible, the place of what ought to exist and yet does not. The speaker added that he believed instincts had been educated all out of American women.

To secure some data upon this subject, twenty-five cultivated women were closely questioned in regard to the matter of instincts. They were of average or superior intelligence, had received excellent advantages of education and travel, and occupied good social positions. Their ages ranged from 25 to 40. In style, temperament, and quality there existed great variety, as well as in height, weight, and physical development. They had married somewhere between the ages of 19 and 35. Nearly all were mothers. These women answered unreservedly and with apparent sincerity.

In the case of five the answers were negative. Only through hearsay did they know anything of human instincts. The maternal instinct seemed to be normally developed in them all; but closer questioning proved it to be what I shall have to call the sesthetic view of maternity, as it dealt largely with ribbons, laces, pink cheeks and bright eyes, and the proud knowledge of possession. The sense of protection was entirely absent. There was no real willingness to give up liberty or pleasure for maternal duties, though public opinion secured a fair share of attention to them. None of these women wished to suckle their own infants, and some where physically incapable of the task, Nine women confessed to occasional and somewhat variable knowledge of the sexual instinct. The maternal instinct was developed normally in all, and the sense of protection present. They suckled their own infants, occasionally under protest; but they did tall the same, and took excellent care of them in other respects.

Eleven women stated that they were conscious of possessing natural human instincts—sexual, maternal, and the sense of protection present. They suckled their own infants, occasionally under grotest; but they did tall these mothers excel in strength and beauty, both of mind and

2. Cultivated women of a lower type, of the order known as petites mattresses—women of elegant pretensions—are more or less deficient in natural instincts.

3. Cultivated women of still another type, without particular aspirations of any kind, are often devoid of natural instincts and hopelessly astray in all that pertains to nature.

4. Women belonging to the second and third types are spoken of in and out of the books as American women, a statement that fails in abstract justice to the race. Women of the first type are also Americans.

5. Happiness is not possible to women outside the lines of nature; and, therefore,

6. It is the duty of physicians to recognize the fact that some have

Wandered away and away.

## Wandered away and away From Nature, the dear old nurse, Who would sing to them night and day The rhymes of the universe.

From Nature, the dear old nurse.

Who would sing to them night and day

The rhymes of the universa.

and to search out the causes, and restore as far as possible these unfortunate women to harmonious living by correcting false impressions and wrong ideas.

Three agents have been instrumental in giving women wrong ideas concerning instincts. One is education. To paraphrase Mme. Roland: 'O Education! what crimes have been committed in thy name!' Another is so-called religious training. Judaism is not responsible for the false doctrine that the body is the arch enemy of the soul. The Hebrew race have lived always in the lines of nature, as their high average of talent and power continually testify. Nowhere in the Old Testament is there condemnation of instincts. Rather is this false notion a dark Buddhistic cloud that settled over early Christianity—a dark cloud that the bright rays of science must in time utterly dispel. Late physical development among cultivated American women is another factor in the matter. Of five women questioned at random, three stated that they had increased from half an inch to two inches in height since the age of twenty, and developed into womanly proportions between the ages of twenty-five women questioned at random three stated that they had not been conscious of them at first, but as time went on they seemed to develop. The average age of their conscious recognition was about twenty-seven. If this late consciousness is accompanied by equally late perfection of structure, it follows that very carly marriage and maternity among all educated women is always an outrage against nature.

There is still another reason why some of us

If this late consciousness is accompanied by equally late perfection of structure, it follows that very early marriago and maternity among all educated women is always an outrage against nature.

There is still another reason why some of us take a wrong view of life and its relations—an unrecognized reason. American women, as a rule, receive a better literary education than American men of the same class. This gives a superficial excellence that dazzles men who marry them into faith in their absolute superiority. If literary distinction were the standard by which to judge intrinsic merit, this might be true. Such distinction is but the pale reflex of life, and life, with character as its outcome, is the ultimate test of the ego. A man who keeps his promises who meets responsibilities with cheerfulness and generosity, and who is reliable throughout, can well afford to be ignorant of sonnets, chiaroscuro, and the Niebelungeniled. Just here the women under consideration gain an unfair advantage which they use selfishly or unconsciously, according to their quality. They sit enthroned after the manner of a goddess. "too bright, too good for human nature's daily food." receiving care, kind consideration, and homage unlimited, giving little or aothing in return, and strangely lorgatful of the written and unwritten terms of their contract. Year after year they continue to dodge responsibilities, growing less helpful and less happy as time goes on, until they undergo a species of race degeneration and sink into a condition of chronic half-invalidism.

We live in a revolutionary time. The old order of thought has given way, and the new is not yet crystallized. In this transitional period domestic life suffers loss. It is not noble and dignified as of old, nor yet the fair and gracious estate it will eventually become. If I had time to be a woman with a mission. I should go up and down the world trying to persuade other women that by being the patient mothers of children, good housewies, and real companions to the men of

THE WHIMS OF FAIR WOMEN.

Several Wedding Ascedetes—Styles in Bride
—Nellie Coe's Letters, They say the devil laughs every time he hears wedding bells. He must be on the broad grin nowadays. At some of the fashionable churches in New York it is hardly necessary to take down the awnings or take up the carpets leading from the portals to the curbstone. one parson is rumored to have married so many couples that, when a baptismal party confronted him, he asked, "What name?" "Susan Ann," replied the godfather.

"Susan Ann, do you take this man for your lawfully wedded husband, for richer or poorer, for better or worse, through sickness and-" "For mercy's sake, don't marry me to the baby," whispered the godfather."

Thus brought up with a round turn, the good minister stopped in time, and christened Susan Ann instead of marrying her at the unusual age of three months.

The marriage fees of some clergymen must

have amounted to more than their salaries last month. There is hardly any service a man so willingly pays out his money out for, unless it be for a divorce some years later. The pastor of a wealthy church wedded a rich man recently to a very beautiful girl, who had been an intimate friend for years of the parson's wife. She started from the church door on a trip to Europe, and as the minister shook congratu latingly the hand of the new groom he felt a hard substance slipped into his own. It turned out to be a handsome locket pendant, with the bride's initials and those of the pastor's wife

bride's initials and those of the pastor's wife done in diamonds.

"Til put your picture in it at once," said the pleased lady; "It is the first wedding fee that has come to me."

Bo she posted off to a photographer and ordered a reduced head of her husband. She had hardly got home when a messenger informed her that, folded and refolded and jammed in behind the glass, they had found a hundred-dollar-bill. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Psalter Service are awaiting a letter from the other side to know to whom the money belongs, as the Mrs. Rev. Dr. S. vows it goes with the locket, and the locket belongs to her.

as the Mrs. Rev. Dr. S. vows it goes with the locket, and the locket belongs to her.

The craze for bits of wedding cake to dream on has given place to a mania for patches of wedding dresses to incorporate into quilts. Of course the dressmaker is the source from which these pieces are gleaned. Who ever heard of a dressmaker sending bits home to patch the bridal dress? So the modistes are besieged by their customers for scraps of the wedding costumes they make. The demand exceeds the supply. So one clever woman buys remnants of white satin or moiré, and rends the pleces into patches to suit her customers. At a recent wedding the bride determined to improve on the floral bell business. As her own and her bridegroom's names began with W. the florist got up a rather squat, long, drawn-out W. Not a soul caught its significance, but a guest described the ceremony as being performed under a nice floral yoke. Flowers are the rule at all swell weddings, and in fragrance and beauty the new life should always be begun. A lady determined to be unique if anything in her wedding appointments. She was a mass of pearls—pearls edged too, bottom, and sides of her frock; sprays of pearl flowers confined her veil; and a few clusters of the same, with a gathered flounce of point lace around them, she carried in her hand as a bridal bouquet. It was stiff and theatrical looking. Her dear old mother came in behind her with a mass of white liliae in the folds of her lace handkerchief that crossed her bosom, and a huge bouquet of the fragrant blossoms in her white-gloved hands. She looked more like a bride, with all those flowers and a silver silk gray gown, than did her stately daughter, and the elegryman looked so often at her that it is dollars to doughnuts he married ma to the man instead of Mary Ann.

Orange blossoms have lost their grip on custom and there are so mean flowers rective to

Orange blossoms have lost their grip on cus-tom, and there are so many flowers prettier it is not to be regretted. In Spain orange blos-soms are used to deck the dead, and their tom, and there are so many howers pretter it is not to be regretted. In Spain orange blossoms are used to deck the dead, and their waxen, stiff appearance makes thom eminently suitable. White lilacs, white roses, and white hyacinths of the same variety are far more beautiful. White lilacs have been cultivated till they are so delicate and graceful in their improved state that they enjoy great favor. With orange blossoms have disappeared some of the tuile that used to figure for bridal veils. There have been unusual sales in high-class lace for veils. A veil three yards long and one wide of point d'Alençon or duchesse is a magnificent finish to a fine dress, The old style of a huge square of blond lace, thrown like a tablecloth over a bride's head and kept on by a diadem of orange blossoms (nine times out of ten artificial), was always getting the blushing bride into difficulties. At the time this head rigging was in vogue the custom was to kiss the bride. Sometimes the stance on her cheeks and ears and lay it like a plaster on her blushing nose, from which she would pick it off only to find it glued to her chin. Then if she undertook to throw it off it invariably hung in a towering, cloud-like fashion on the orange blossoms, making her look as if the domestic cyclone had struck her.

A reward for staying out of matrimony is triumphantly shown by Miss Nadage Doree of Mrs. Langtry's company. Miss Doree enacts the clever French maid in "As In a Looking Glass," and her brunette intensity is a contrast to the Lily. She was singing in Milan. Signor Campo Franco, a cousin of King Umberto, made her acquaintance. Matrimony was incidentally discussed—not as a contingency between these two, but as an early probability for the actrees. He prophesied that she would marry within a year, and promised to forfeit a jewelry reward I. she proved him mistakon. "Whatever he

He prophesied that she would marry within a year, and promised to forfeit a pewelry reward it she proved him mistaken. "Whatever he based his predetetion on," says she, "was misleading. I happened to know my own heart and purposes rather better than he did. I am still single, and here is the souvenir which Franco has sent across the ocean to me." Miss Dorce showed a bracelet set with fine diamonds and a large number of turquoises.

Doree showed a bracelet set with fine diamonds and a large number of turquoises.

When the male literary creature gets his fine work in on the subject of women's wearing apparel, it certainly is the most amusing thing he does. It is doubtful if a feminine fashlon writer would make such a mess of a scientific article on parabolic reflectors or variable cut offs. It was a man struggling with the details of an actress's costume who spoke learnedly of her black "satin" stockings, and called chenille fringe "graceful dangles of marabout." One of these mistaken men recently undertook to describe Mrs. Cleveland. "She wore," he said, "a dark Leghorn hat with plumes of veiling and velvet sitting well up in front." This was a triumph. On the occasion referred to Mrs. Cleveland wore a left hat. Is it likely that the first lady in the land and quite a fashlonable one, would put on a straw hat on the last of November? But what in the name of millinery and the fine arts are "plumes of veiling and velvet?" The lady probably had in her hat the stiff standing loops so much worn at present, and the scribe set them down as plumes. It is a wonder he never thought of calling them foliage. After awhile the hat that fascinated him was fully described, and he proceeded to expatiate on her dress, which was of "dark purple plush, with strips of lace brocade on each arm and a double strip of the same on the waist." The purple plush is discernible, but the "lace brocade" is a stragerer. The frock was made, according to this expert, "with some degree of bouffantness, and three pleats in front. This is much clearer than ordinary boarding-house coffee. The unsectarian women of this free country have been growling over Mrs. Cleveland's recipe for brown bread but I would like to see the most skilful anniyteal-minded modistes in the land tackle a piece of purple plush and undertake to reproduce this custume by the description given of poor Frances Cleveland's dress. A Western newspaper once engaged the services of a noted cook to fill a half co When the male literary creature gets his fine work in on the subject of women's wear-

ion writer, or he will have to mend his socks this cold winter with postage stamps.

"The thrift of the rich is the occasion thereof." That sentence is so true that I think it must be in the Bible, so I put it between quotation marks. I was in a shop that was if alled with magnificent toys for the approaching holidays. A plain, severe woman entered, and a brace of proprietors began kotooing taround her in abject fashion. She was a millionairess. She produced from a disreputable bundle a battered doll's body, and began giving instructions as to the sort of head she wanted if the don, Had it been a broken-nosed head in a disembodied condition she had desired to reconstruct, I would have supposed there was some sort of sentiment about it, and that the wreck of beauty was dear to some childish theart. But this was a clear case of thrift. A whole doll, body and boots, would have cost perhaps \$2.50. Here was the old kid carcass brought up dilapidated, and a new lead could be screwed on for \$1-a notable saving of twelve York shillings—and in the present stringent state of the money market that is not a sum to be despised. An ordinary shopper standing beside the economical dame laid down a \$5 doll which she had in her hand, and tried to remember what she had done with that dreadful thing that leaked sawdust every time her child played with it. Visions of the possibility of half soling and heeling the feats in that discarded creature danced through her

newly informed brain; and incensed that desirable buyers should be deserted while the strable buyers should be deserted while the strable buyers hould not increase his treasury, she came out boldly. She selected a doll and tis trouseau that came to over \$19\$. The clerkess gave her an encouraging smile to go on, the head present the tend to the strategy of the treath of the head present the tend to the head present in the head present the tend to the head present the head present the head present the head present in the head present the head pre

SCORE ONE FOR THE DUDE.

animal was kicking so violently that for a moment no one ventured to make any effort to

help him. Two young men of the most ultra-

SWEATING FOR HYDROPHORIA.

An Attack on Medicine Men and Especially

Pasteur's Treatment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A

he past few years. Our "medicine men " have

were desed with morphine and chloral, and

such other things for the purpose of lessening

their sufferings, but as the medicine men very

wisely admitted, these remedles were only palliative, not curative, as the results proved.

Years ago I made up my mind that, if I ever came in contact with a case of genuine hydro-

phobia, I would have recourse to a remedy (an

old one, but not the worst for that) which

would accomplish the cure without any possi-

been unable to do anything for them. They

A blue bobtail car was rolling slowly along Fourteenth street in the direction of Broadway hopelessly entangled in the harness, and was

very nearly run over by the car itself. The driver was particularly green at his work, and knew not what to do in the emergency. He ulled the brake hard, and then stood watch ing the poor beast struggling vainly in his tolls. A small crowd quickly gathered, but the

ment no one ventured to make any effort to help him. Two young men of the most ultradude appearance were mincing along the street at that moment, and one of them, seeing the accident, turned to his companion and said:

"Here, George, take this," handing him at the same time his massive cane.

Then he stepped directly to the head of the horse, grasped the harness in a way that showed him to be familiar with the work, ordered the driver and one or two bystandors to unloose certain chains and buckles, and when they had timidly obeyed, he began to wrestle with the horse. For a full minute there was a powerful struggle. The beast in his efforts to rise would have smashed the car platform and possibly the windows had he not been restrained by a powerful hand, but the dude won the victory, and brought the horse to his feet in a passive frame of mind. When this was done, he readjusted his hat, which had got awry in the struggle, and walked to the sidewalk, where he resumed his cane and his walk.

"Bless my soul, Cholly," said the other dude, who had been looking on in unfeigned astonishment, "how in the world did you do that?"

And every bystander echeed the question and scored a credit mark in favor of the universally berated dude, while the driver, with a blank expression of amazement on his face, chirped to his horse and drove on. great many have died of hydrophobia during

old one, but not the worst for that) which would accomplish the cure without any possibility of its recurrence. Two years ago I had a chance to ride my hydrophobia hobby and I did it successfully. One of the boys of the institution of which I have charge was bitten by a rabid dog, and on the twenty-first day after the bite he had convulsions with every evidence that they were hydrophoble. The doctors said so, and I was convinced that such was the case from the beginning, and consequently I used my own judgment in dealing with it. The treatment was this:

I put him into a vanor bath of very high temperature until he was completely sweated out. The sweating cured him, and he has ever since been in perfect health.

Why cannot our physicians, once in a while, descend to what they may call unprofessional practice to save life? Do they think it is better for society that a hundred men should go into the grave professionally than that one should be saved by other means? It would seem so. There have been many lives saved by the simple means which I adopted in the above case. These means have again and again been made public, but the medicine men will not even stop to examine them. Unprofessional, you know. One of the best physicians in the State of New Jersey said to me some time ago: "If I had a hydrophobic patient I would not allow anybody to put him in a vapor bath." So say they all, especially those who try to bolster up Pasteur. Pasteur has accomplished nothing. The statistics show that the rate of deaths from hydrophobia has not diminished, even in France, since the introduced (Pasteurism), which is as deadly in its effects as the real article.

Nature has a remedy for all the ills that human flesh is heir to. Why not use them when we know them?

THREE STORIES OF WOMEN.

rs. Woodhuil's Governess Told Col. Blood's Fortune in Return for Mrs. Woodhuil's Kindness-A Rich Woman's Charities.

A widow was left in Brooklyn with one child and a pittance. While she vainly endeavored to get something to do the money was spent. At last she had but enough left for car fare to New York and back to answer an advertisement for governess she had found in a norning paper. She was ushered into the drawing room of a large New York house, Everywhere were signs of wealth. Presently she heard the swish, swish of a silk dress. There came into the room a handsome woman of attractive presence, richly dressed. The application was accepted. Then with a burst of confidence the poor woman said:

"But you do not know anything about me, Starvation stared me in the face, and you have rescued me."

Then followed an outpouring between the

women. At last the lady of the house said:
"But you know nothing about me. Frankly tell me what you think of me."

The widow looked keenly and answered: "I think you are an adventuress."
The lady threw back her head and laughed merrily. Then she walked to the door and called up the stairs:

"Colonel! Colonel! Come here." Then a finely preserved, handsome man en-tered. The lady told him of her visitor's frankness, and they had another bout of laughing. The lady was Victoria Woodhull, the gentlenan was Col. Blood. The widow was engage as a governess for Mrs. Woodhull's daughter at \$20 a week. She lived with them several years. They were generous and considerate The widow was well cared for and happy.

Among their home diversions one of the fa-vorite pastimes was fortune telling with cards. This was not Mrs. Woodhull's gift, but belonged to the governess, who had a happy knack in that way. At length financial troubles came, and the household was broken up. The widow went back to Brooklyn with her now respectable savings, and in time married an Episcopal clargyman of Brooklyn, whose wife she now is, One day the door bell rang, and Col. Blood appeared. "I have become utterly bankrupt," e said. " Luck can't go any further that way. I have remembered your gift at fortune telling Now, I want you to try once more and see what there is for me " Thus entreated, and in memory of old times,

she consented:
"You are going on a long journey. It is by

water, but not to Europe. It is further. You are in a far-away country, and I see you surrounded by gold—gold everywhere."

The Colonel broke into a laugh at the irony of the cards.

"But before you go you will receive money. Not a great deal, but money, and it will come in a Government envelope."

Col. Blood protested against this excess of generosity on the part of the cards, and went his way. Some time after a gentleman presented himself.

"I am the brother of Col. Blood," he said.

"He left on the steamer yesterday, and be charged me to come and tell you that he had been made superintendent of a gold mine in Africa, which he has gone to take charge of. Furthermore I was to tell you that a few weeks ago he received \$1,000 back pay from Washington, which he had not the faintest expectation of getting."

This lady is still living in Brooklyn, and her strange gifts are well known to her friends, but her husband very naturally, since he is a minister, objects to her making use of them.

Before the Ohio River had run itself away it water, but not to Europe. It is further. You

Before the Ohio River had run itself away it was the custom to go from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh by steamboat. It was a journey of some days, and people got very well acquainted before they left the boat. At Pittsburgh there was always a rush to catch the eastern train. Among the travellers was a lady who drove off among the first. After she was gone a gentleman, a New Yorker, picked up a purse, which proved to belong to her. He was very anxious to go over with some gentlemen who had determined to make the journey east together. But he felt he must restore the purse. Against the remonstrances of the others, who said he would lose his train, he took a carriage and chased from station to station, and hotel to hotel, until he finally overtook the lady, who had discovered and was bemoagling her loss. Meanwhile he had lost the train, and as trains were not as frequent as they are now he was obliged to lie over until the next day.

Years passed, and the war broke out. Among the contractors for building army bridges in Tennessee was this man. He had a partner, and they had transferred their whole equipment of wagons, mules, timber, and men near Kashville. At this point his partner failed him, and blank ruin stared him in the face, Determined to make a bold appeal, he went to one of the city banks and asked for a large loan of money, making plain the necessity and its cause. As he talked a lady seated in the President's room listened. The bankers listened, but the request was preposterous. At this juncture the lady stepped forward.

"Do you remember," she asked, "coming up the Ohio River to Pittsburgh in the year —?" mentioning the date.

"Les." Before the Ohio River had run itself away it mentioning the date.
"Yes."
"Do you remember a lady losing her purse, and the efforts you made to restore it to her?"

"Yes."
"Well. I am that woman." And turning to her husband, who was the President of the bank. "I don't think you need hesitate to lend money to a man who has proved himself more than honest."

The money was lent. Said the hero of the occasion, who told the story to the writer: "I made \$100.000 by being enabled to carry out that contract. And I couldn't have carried it out but for that incident of years before."

made \$100,000 by being enabled to carry out that contract. And I couldn't have carried it out but for that incident of years before."

The story of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, to use a term which here reverts to its original meaning, reads like a romance. She grew up among the stern privations of the mountains of Vermont. Her greatgreat-grandmother was Hannah Dustin, the heroine of the Merrimac, to whom, some years ago, a monument was erected on an Island of the river. Her father was a grandson of one of the children who escaped with their father to Haverhill, leaving the mether, baby, and nurse, Mary Noï, behind. Their, subsequent escape, bearing with them the scalps of ten Indians, is one of the tales of colonial history.

Elizabeth Rowell, on her way from Vermont to Boston to learn the trade of dressmaker, mether husband. Thomas Thompson was a well-known Boston millionaire, a contleman of cultivated and liberal tastes. After a brief courtiship he married the lovely incorruptible sewing girl. A picture of her, taken at this time, reveals a face of exquisite beauty. Having no children, she dovoted herself to charities, and her generosity to the wives of soldiers during the war was a matter of comment. At length her husband died, and left her the income of his fortuna. This ranges from \$25,000 to \$50,000. She receives it in quarterly installments. And one of her intimates relates that she is often penniless before the end of the quarter.

But she has neither houses not carriages. It was not until she went to Washington, on the presentation to Congress of the Emancipation Proclamation, that she became the possessor of a black velved dress. She has no home, When she is in town she slips from place to place to escape the procession of poor, halt, malmed, and blind that haunt any house she is when the language is an episode. It is the rulling habit of the accredited list of charities exhibits some strongth of mind. It is this which Mrs. Thompson does. With most people giving largely is an episode.

friends. Any one who can further control nature's forces to new ends sets her mind aflame. Here is a characteristic instance:

A young man on the verge of starvation was enabled to see her. He had been months at work on an invention which, if perfected, would be of great advantage to the world in general. But for want of the means of living he could work at it no longer.

I will give you three months to finish it," said Mrs. Thompson. "I will board, clothe, and make you comfortable for that time. Go and get you a suit of clothes."

Concerning this she said to another: "The thing may be valueless, but the man knows more about that than I do. At least the man gets his opportunity. This I can give him, and further than that is not my affair.

Mrs. Thompson's great friends are the Rev. Heber Newton and Mr. Felix Adler, and they unite in many good works. Mrs. Thompson concerns herself but little with the Infinite. She is an undoubting believer in God, but does not speculate on his personality.

She never goes to the theatre, and has read but two novels, "Jane Eyro" and the "Scarlet Letter."

Why should I go to the theatre?" she says.

but two novels, "Jane Eyre" and the "Scariet Letter,"

"Why should I go to the theatre?" she says,
"There is no stage like the world. Everybody has his game, Ltoo, have my little game."
She has taken to books of biography in these
later years, and "thumbs," as she calls it, all
scientific works.
Her tastes are perfectly simple. She has a
great liking for bread, milk, and apples. Mrs.
Thompson does not go into society. It is
doubtful if society has ever heard of her. But
she is the only woman who has the freedom of
the floor of the House, a right which even the
President's wife does not have.

## ROUTING A MASHER.

A Story of Modern Life, the Scene Being Laid in a New York Norse Car.

There were only six persons in a street car that was rattling lazily along up town the other afternoon. There wasn't even a cigarette smoker on the front platform to arouse the social instincts of the driver and the conductor, a little man with a fiannel band round his neck who leaned back on the brake handle and looked disinterestedly at the messenger boy inside, who was vigorously chewing gum and Dick, or the Terror of the Lohunga Gorge. Next to the boy sat a young lady of pleasing appearance. She was calculated to attract at-tention from her next little bonnet, with its aigrettes nodding wantonly among the olive moire ribbons, down to the little kid-encased feet resting lightly on the wooden matting, The effect of her dress and its several fashion. able attachments was iridescent and dazzling. To add to this, she had a pretty face. Her black eyes, though well behaved, had no timidity in their glances, and helped to make up the dazzling entirety.

The car stopped and a man got on. Robust,

well dressed, well jewelled, and well along in

life was he. He looked a prosperous merchant, life was he. He looked a prosperous merchant, a club man, "one of the boys"—and he looked at the girl. And he kept on looking. He was evidently one of those valuable individuals who had done the same thing before, though not at the same girl. His lips got into that peculiar preparatory attitude so often noticed in mashers, so that if the girl should rest her eyes on him for a moment the lips could jump quickly into a smile of an interrogatory nature.

The girl's black eyes, in their prances from this object to that, lit on the man's face once or twice, only to dart indignantly away. But he kept looking, and she was evidently aware of it.

Suddenly she shifted her position a bit, so as to squarely confront him, and, bending forward slightly, began gazing at his feet. It was a curious, almost mystified look that took possession of her pretty face. The man looked startled, bent forward, and looked at this feet, which were all that a well-dressed man could ask for in appearance. He looked at the girl again. She was still manifesting a curious interest in his shoes. She even shifted her dainty form again, and looked harder still at his feet until the man drew them in a bit. Still she looked. Again the man himself looked at them, and then, while she seemed more puzzled than ever over them, he looked absolutely puzzled over her. He was evidently getting uncomfortable, and his lips lost that peculiar preparatory attitude, and were in no danger of breaking into a smile. He drew his feet in still more, shoved them out, and looked at them, while she showed symptoms of terror; then he drew them back till his heels were plump against the woodwork under the soat.

At this impressive moment, that American trait whereby when a person stops and looks at anything every one who notices the act stops and looks, too, although there is nothing in particular to see, began to make it still further uncomfortable for the masher. An eiderly lady who sat a little distance from the man, and who noticed how mystified the dazzling young woma a club man, "one of the boys"-and he looked at the girl. And he kept on looking. He was

beautiful young heroine of Tohunga Gorge from two painted Apaches.

The car stopped and another young lady of fashion got in. She knew the iridescent young lady, and the latter whispered something in her ear, and both began looking hard, very hard, at the man's feet.

It was more than he could stand. He got up and steppediquickly and awkwardly off the car. The girls looked at each other and smiled.

The woman nearly opposite leaned forward and asked in an undertone: "Bay, what was the matter?"

"Oh. nothing," said the iridescent girl, with charming frankness, "The big goose tried to fiirt with me, and I simply got him out of the way by looking at his feet. That will always make them get out of the way. No man can stand it. I don't sit still and let men keep gazing impudently and insultingly at me. No girl need to. Just look at their feet. They'll go."

As soon as the prosperous-looking masher got off the car he climbed into a bootblack's chair. The bootblack looked surprised, for the shoes were already highly polished.

Do you see anything the matter."

"Well, here's a dime for your opinion," and he walked off, asking himself what that demned pretty girl was looking at.

By the time Hair-lipped Dick had saved the young heroine of Tohunga Gorge, the messenger boy had been carried to Fifty-third street, just twenty-two blocks further than his message called for.

## HER FIRST BANK ACCOUNT.

It Lasted Ten Days, and Her Husband then Went Back to First Principles.

A well-known banker, who had become tired of the irksome habit of fumbling in his vest pocket every morning that his wife asked him to pay the necessary household expenses and who was smarting from the sting of a recent heavy raid against Reading, said to her not long ago at the breakfast table: "Edith, I can't be pestered with these trifles. You must open a bank account. I will make a cash deposit, against which you can draw at your leisure, and so not harpoon me just as I am about to

against which you have his work in way in which Mrs. Thompson seemed to be on a par with one side of the accredited list of charities exhibits some strength of mind. It is this which Mrs. Thompson does. With most people giving largely is an episode. It is the ruling habit of list, it is a some strength of mind. It is this which Mrs. Thompson does. With most people giving largely is an episode. It is the ruling habit of list, it is a state of the accredited list of charities exhibits some strength of mind. It is this which Mrs. Thompson does. With most people giving largely is an episode. It is the ruling habit of list, it is a state of the conforms her manner of its ing.

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DORCAS AND JOHN MORRISSET.

Two Famous Bogs Die and Leave Records

Two dogs died recently. One was a dog of high degree. No canine blood was ever bluer than hers, and with it mingles in the veins of her offspring the blood of a still more famous and high-bred lineage. The other dog was a ongrel. He was a stray and a foundling. He had no pedigree and he left none. There never was any association between these two dogs, as was meet. Their lines lay far apart, and probably they did not know of one another's existence. But in their deaths they were mourned largely by the same people, for it is not likely that any two dogs in private life were so widely known in theatrical, sporting, and professional circles generally as Doreas Matthews and John Morrissey Day, Fourteen years ago Sol Smith Russell sent a

pointer pup to C. E. Collins of this city, from Greenville, N. C. Collins, in turn, presented it to John Matthews, the actor. It grow to be a perfect specimen of its kind, a pointer whose beauty and intelligence became notable. The affection with which she regarded her master was touchingly human. It came to be a saying among actors the continent over, "As loving as John Matthews and his dog." When the actor was away filling engagements, the dog re-mained in the city. The moment he returned to the city, although he might be an hour or more in getting to where Doreas was, she seemed to know of his presence. Any one who over witnessed a meeting between Dorcas and her master, after one of these separations, will never forget it. It was as the greeting of lovers

in the intensity of its show of fondness.

Dorcas was a mother once by the famous prize winner Sensation, and once by the great Beaufort. She dropped nine pups to each, Several of each litter won prizes at different New York bench shows. The least ever received for one of her mature offspring was \$500,

ceived for one of her mature offspring was \$500. Doreas died a few days ago of old age, and her master mourned her death as the sundering of his tenderest tio.

Wherever John Morrissey's Day came from no one ever knew. Toward evening on the famous election day when John Morrissey defeated Augustus Schell for State Senator in the latter's ewn district, a bedraggled, wobegone, trembling, and abject mongred dog crept into the once famous wine room known as the Hamlet, in West Twenty-third street. The place was kept by George W. Day. The dog sneaked under a table and looked pleadingly out at Day, who stood gazing in amazement at the nondescript canine that had "blown in" so suddenly. George Day, who now lives in Orange, N. J., was himself one of the quaintest charneters ever known to New York public life. His dry humor and incisive wit were rarely equalled. He showed his wit and humor in the way he advertised his place. He did not print his cards in the regulation way, which would have been like this:

He had an original style, and one that always made people look for his place. He printed it on his cards:

DOOTH'S THEATRE.

Day looked down at the shivering dog under the table a minute, and then addressed it, in

all seriousness:

"I don't know about it," said he, shaking his head." This is going to be a hard winter for wintering over stock, and there's Mrs. Day and myself and—

Just then some one came tearing in at the door and yelled!

"George, sure as h—l, Morrissey's elected!"
Day was a great friend of Morrissey's. He stooped down and patted the friendless dog on the head and said:

"I'll keep, you for luck! Your name is John Morrissey!"

The dog understood the matter without any further explanation, and became a part of the institution. He answered to his name at once, the got to know so much that George Day used to say that if he wasn't a fraid John might learn to stee hat the place. The dog are were the got to know so much that George Day used to say that if he wasn't a fraid John might learn to stee hat the place. The care of the congret and led Jour with any older. He deep so were the got out with any older. The deep server will appear to stee he had been so the steep of the congret of the world he was at peace, but he wanted it to keep at arm's length. His fine sense of discrimination ato umbrella peddlers with a plad any attention as to umbrella peddlers was particularly shown one very rainy day. Men had been coming in the Hannlet with dripping umbrellas all day, and John Morrissoy hadn't paid any attention to them. Toward evening a man with a dripping umbrella eame in—a decent-looking, well-drossed young fellow. He had no sooner stepped inside than John Morrissoy made a break for him, and the man had to get out.

"Does any one know that man?" asked Day. "Yes," said some one. "He sells umbrellas at the Twenty-third Stroet Ferry."

George Day taught John many little tricks, but John sometimes didn't care to make a show of himself by doing them. He had some dignity if he had no family. One of these tricks was for John to gaue of himself by doing them. He had some dignity if he had no family. One of these tricks was for John to get up on his hind legs at the word of his master and turn and twist about in a comic

THE BEGUILING HIRED GIRL

She Russ Away with the Betrothed Lover

of her Young Mistress. Bridgeport, Dec. 10 .- Josiah Smith is a wealthy farmer, who for many years has raised onions and country produce at Green's Farms for the New York markets. He has a daughter Charlotte, a handsome brunette, with saucy eyes, who at church suppers and winter parties is an acknowledged belle, and who might select for a husband any one of the rustic young men of the village. In addition to her personal attractions she is accomplished as a musician and elocutionist, and whenever an amateur dramatic performance is given Charlotte is always sought to take the leading part. None of the neighbors' rustic sons has

Charlotte is always sought to take the leading part. None of the neighbors' rustic sons has ever succeeded in arousing a spark of sentiment in her heart, and until the past summer her twenty years have bassed without an accepted lover.

Harry Wallace of Bridgeport, a prepossessing young man with city airs and a checked suit, made the first impression on the fair maiden six months ago, and he has been considered a lucky fellow. The pair were engaged to be married about Christmas, and the happy girl has for a month been preparing for the expected event.

Amelia Sturges has been in Farmer Smith's household for a year or more as a hired girl, and she, too, could boast of beauty. Her wealth of golden hair and her dreamy blue eves captured plenty of would-be lovers, and an incilination to fift made her also popular among the swains, and she never lacked invitations from the country gallants. She was treated as one of the family and bore an excellent character, but it now turns out that she made the most of her opportunity and succeeded in winning the favor of Charlotte's lover. Clandestine meetings were frequent, and when young Wallace came to pay court to the daughter of the house, he would always find a way to meet the more congenial Amelia.

On Wednesday evening last Wallace drove as usual to the old farm house, and with his betrethed talked freely of the approaching nuptials. About 10 o'clock he took an affectionate leave of Charlotte and drove away. An hour later it was discovered that Amelia had gone with him taking all her clothes, and leaving a note saying that before another hour had passed she would be Harry's wife, and asking forgiveness for her deception. The runaway couple came directly to a clersyman is this city and were married.